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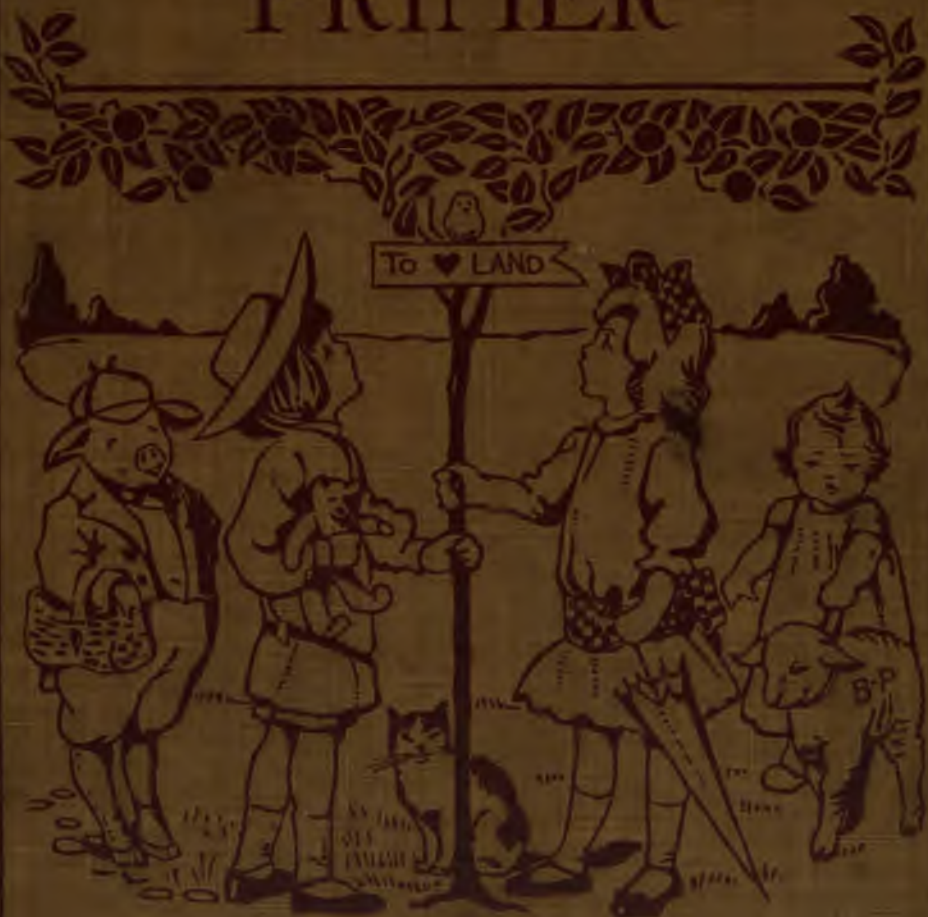
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RHYME AND STORY PRIMER



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THE RHYME AND STORY PRIMER

SOME RHYMES AND STORIES

ABOUT

LITTLE MOUSE, PUSSY CAT

ROBIN REDBREAST

CHARLIE

THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS

THE FRIENDLY COW

BOY BLUE, BO-PEEP

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

HIAWATHA

SANTA CLAUS

AND OTHERS

THE
RHYME AND STORY
PRIMER

BY

HELEN A. McMAHON, MARIE M. McMAHON

AND

ANNA M. McMAHON



BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1908

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JUN 17 1909

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PREFACE

THE object of "The Rhyme and Story Primer" is to make the child's first experience with school books pleasant as well as profitable. To attain this end we have chosen, because of their sentiment, their simplicity, and their interest for the child, certain nursery rhymes and poems; and from these developed a vocabulary for a large number of reading lessons. Furthermore, the use of rhymes and poems for the first reading lessons — always blackboard lessons — being most highly approved and having now become very general, it has been deemed expedient to make of these first lessons a direct stepping-stone to that dear object of the child's ambition — a book.

On pages 2, 4, 7, 10, 15, 19, 23, 26, 28, 31, 38, 43 will be found twelve carefully graded rhymes, which are intended for these first lessons, comprising from ten to twelve weeks of reading from the blackboard. These twelve rhymes provide a vocabulary of one hundred and fifty-seven words which, with eighteen additional words, are all that are required for the reading of this part. It will be noticed that after the first rhyme none are introduced of which all the words are new; such a choice of material having been made, the little reader will frequently have the pleasant and encouraging experience of meeting a word already learned. In the Introduction attention is called to some of the various devices that may be used as means, not only of fixing the words in the child's mind, but also of giving variety to the lessons.

Having provided excellent means for blackboard word study, and matter that will make the most varied and interesting preparatory reading, we have avoided in the Primer all repetition purely for the sake of drill.

The child, having had some experience with word-forms, will readily learn new ones; therefore, in the latter part of the book, the vocabulary has not been closely restricted to the words of the rhymes and poems.

This book will be found most readable because of its ease and its interest for the child; and it also leads a step toward the cultivation of taste for good literature.

Acknowledgment is made to A. Flanagan Company, Chicago, and to Thomas Charles Company, Chicago, for permission to use copyrighted material.

THE AUTHORS.

INTRODUCTION

“THE Rhyme and Story Primer” is to be placed in the hands of the children only after the study of the first twelve rhymes has been completed. The method for this study is as follows:—

(a) Teach the children to recite the rhyme by heart with good expression. Then print the rhyme on the blackboard and repeat it with the children, indicating with the pointer the lines as they are spoken. (The spaces between the words on the board should be somewhat exaggerated.)

(b) The next step is to indicate each *word* as the rhyme is read. The children must first read just as the teacher points, then they may take turns in using the pointer for themselves as they read. While one child reads, using the pointer in this way, the attention of the entire class may be kept by having all the others point as the reader does, using for pointers the index fingers of the right hands. This the children will do in a very orderly manner without moving from their places.

(c) *Whole lines* may be read in response to questions.

(d) *Words* may be taught by allowing the children to read, pointing, until they come to a given word when they will stop, — the teacher having printed this word on the board instead of saying it.

This exercise may be varied by having the class whisper the rhyme, as the teacher points, until they come to the given word, which they are to say aloud.

(e) A column of words formed during such an exercise as the foregoing may serve for a word hunt: the teacher, pointing as the class reads the rhyme, stops at a word; two children provided with pointers will see which can first find the corresponding word in the column.

(f) The next step is the reading of sentences made up of the words that have been studied.

It is desirable that children should learn to help themselves. This method of teaching them to do so is suggested:—

When a child does not know a word in a given sentence, as for instance, *him* in "I caught him again," let him take the pointer and read the rhyme from the beginning until he comes to that word. He should then read his sentence quickly and with good expression, the rhyme having served as a key. The rhymes printed on charts or on the blackboard, if space will permit, should be used in this way for reference.

Have sentences in large print on strips of heavy paper and pass to class toward the end of the lesson.

In many cases two weeks should be devoted to the first rhyme. With each succeeding rhyme the progress will be more rapid.

In selecting words for drill it is well to choose from the end of the rhyme or from the end of a line, as the children will unconsciously learn some of the preceding words while learning these.

Print on cards the words as they are learned, and use for rapid drill.

The rhymes printed on charts will be found helpful in review work.

Have the children memorize the new rhyme before the study of the preceding one is completed.

For drill in phonetics after the children have learned the sounds of single letters, classify words according to their initial sound and letter, as:—

we	saw	stop
will	so	star
was	said	stay
went	sat	etc.
want	some	

Classify words according to phonograms :—

play	right
day	night
say	might
away	etc.

The most helpful seat work in connection with the first reading lessons is what has been called “matching.” Give to each child in a class a sheet of manila paper on which the rhyme has been hektographed, and an envelope containing the same rhyme cut up. The children will build the rhyme, at first, upon the whole copy. Later, give only the cut-up rhyme, and the children will build from memory.

For word study immediately preparatory to reading the lessons grouped with the first twelve rhymes, review the rhyme which precedes a lesson or a series of lessons. As the children progress, the work should be more rapid, and the reading of the lessons may follow immediately the study of the rhyme or poem upon which they are based. Many of the new words not given in rhyme or poem may be taught phonetically, by comparison with similar words already learned :—

all	and	will	other
small	stand	still	brother

RHYME AND STORY
PRIMER



I, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a mouse alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let him go again.

NURSERY RHYME.



I caught a mouse.

I let him go.

I caught him again.

I let him go again.

I caught him alive.

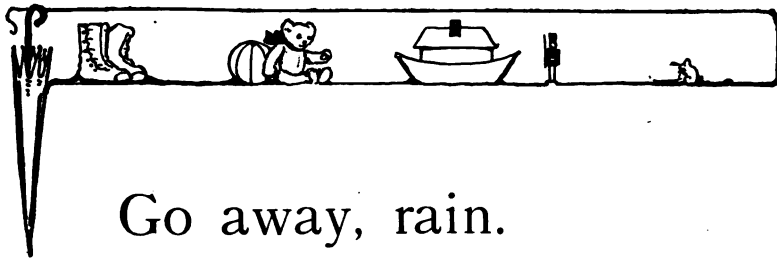
I let him go alive.





Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Charlie wants to play.

NURSERY RHYME.



Go away, rain.

I want to play.

Little Charlie wants to play.

Little mouse wants to play.

Rain, rain, go away.

Go away to-day.

Come some other day.

Charlie wants to play to-day.

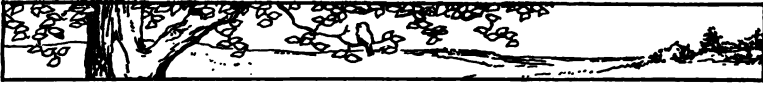
I want to play to-day.

Come again, rain.

Come again some other day.



Robin Redbreast and Pussy Cat



Little Robin Redbreast

Sat upon a tree;

Up went Pussy Cat,

Down went he.

Down came Pussy Cat,

Away Robin ran.

Said little Robin Redbreast,

“Catch me if you can.”

NURSERY RHYME.





Robin sat upon a tree.

Pussy Cat went up the tree.

Pussy went to catch Robin.

Robin came down.

Down came Pussy Cat.

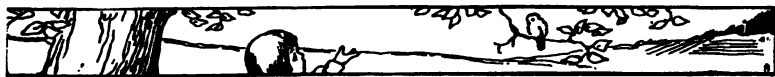
Robin ran.

Pussy Cat ran.

Up, up went Robin.

He went up, up, up and away.

He said, "Catch me if you
can."



I see you, Robin Redbreast.

I see you in the tree.

Come down to me.

I want to catch you.

Let me catch you, Robin.

I will let you go again.

I will not let Pussy catch you.

I will let Pussy catch a
mouse.

Robin Redbreast, will you
come down?



Up, up in the sky
The little birds fly.
Down, down in the nest
The little birds rest.
With a wing on the left,
And a wing on the right,
We will let the dear birdies
Sleep all the long night.

KINDERGARTEN SONG.



The little birds fly.

The little birds rest.

The little birds fly in the sky.

The little birds rest in the
nest.

The dear little birds
rest in the nest.



Up, up, little birds.

Down, down, little birds.

Fly up and fly down, little
birds.



Come down, dear little birds.
You can fly.

Fly with your little wings.

Fly down with your dear
little wings.

Fly up again.

Fly to the nest.

Rest in the nest.

Rest with a wing on the left
and a wing on the right.

We will play with Pussy Cat.



We will not let Pussy go up
the tree.

We will let Pussy catch a
mouse.

Charlie will catch Pussy.

Pussy will let little mouse
go.

I will catch Charlie.

We will all go away.

Go to sleep, dear birdies.

Sleep all the long night.



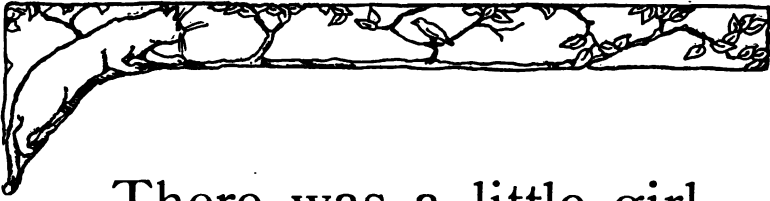
That Little Girl



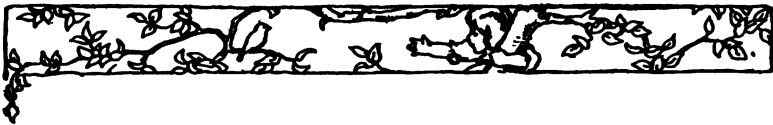
There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle
Of her forehead.
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad
She was horrid.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





There was a little girl.
She had a little curl.
She was very, very good.
There was a robin in the tree.
Pussy went up the tree.
She went to catch the robin.
The little girl said, "Come
down, Pussy.
Come, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy."
Pussy came down.
Pussy was good again.



A dear little girl sat up in a tree.

She was a very, very good little girl.

A little bird was in the tree.
The bird was Robin Red-breast.

The little girl said, "Come to me, little bird."

Robin went to her.

Robin was a dear little bird.

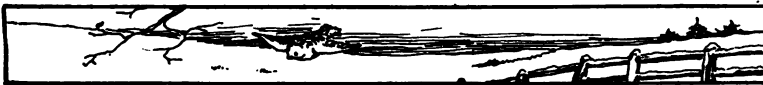


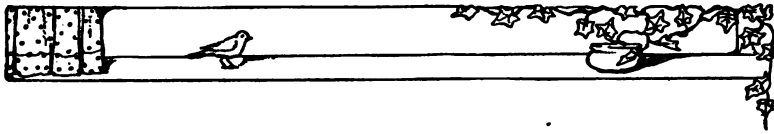
The Boy and the Bird



Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.

NURSERY RHYME.





Once Charlie saw a little bird.
The little bird saw Charlie.
Charlie cried, "Little bird, will
you hop?"

The little bird came hop, hop.
Charlie said, "Little bird, will
you stop?"

But the little bird flew away.
He flew to his nest in the tree.
The bird was Robin Red-
breast.



I saw a little bird.

I saw him come hop, hop,
hop.

I cried, "Little bird, will you
stop, stop, stop?"

I was going to the window.

I was going to say, "How do
you do?"

But the little bird flew far
away.

Will he come again some day?



Come to the window, Charlie.
There is a bird in the tree.
He is little, but he can fly.
How do you do, birdie?
Will you come down?
Pussy is going up the tree.
Come, Pussy, come down.
Fly away, little birdie.
Come again some other day.
I will come to the window
some other day.



“Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?”

“I’ve been to London
To look at the queen.”

“Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?”

“I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.”

NURSERY RHYME.



Pussy Cat went to London.

She saw the queen.

The queen sat in a chair.

A mouse was under the chair.

The mouse was very small.

But Pussy Cat saw the mouse.

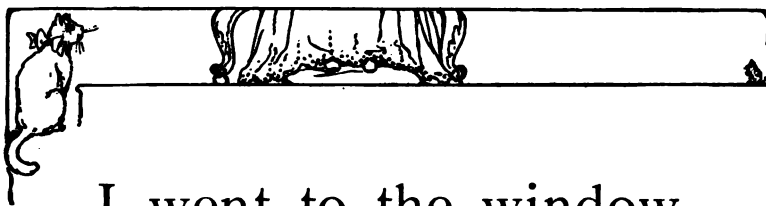
The queen saw the mouse.

The queen was frightened.

Pussy ran to catch the mouse.

The mouse ran away.

The queen said, "Good Pussy."



I went to the window.
I saw Pussy Cat.
I said, "Where have you been?"
Pussy Cat said, "I have been
to London."
I said, "What did you do in
London?"
Pussy said, "I saw the queen."
"What did the queen do?"
"She let me look at her."
A cat may look at a queen.



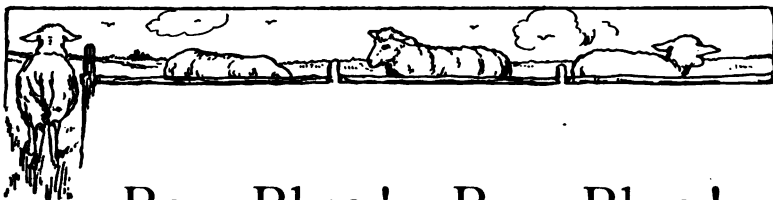
Little Boy Blue, come blow
your horn,

The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn.

What! Is this the way you
mind your sheep—

Under the haystack fast
asleep?

NURSERY RHYME.



Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
Oh, where is little Boy Blue?
The sheep are in the meadow.
The cows are in the corn.
But where is little Boy Blue?
Oh, I see Boy Blue.
He is under the haystack.
He is fast asleep.
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
Come, blow your horn.
Come, mind the sheep.

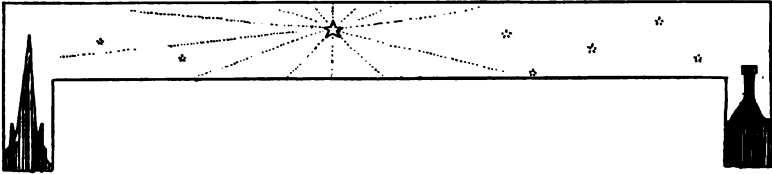


Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

NURSERY RHYME.



I see you, little star.
There you are up in the sky.
I see you at night.
Little star, I wonder what you
are.
How you twinkle!
You twinkle in the sky.
I like to see you twinkle.
You twinkle all night.
I sleep all night.
Good night, little star.

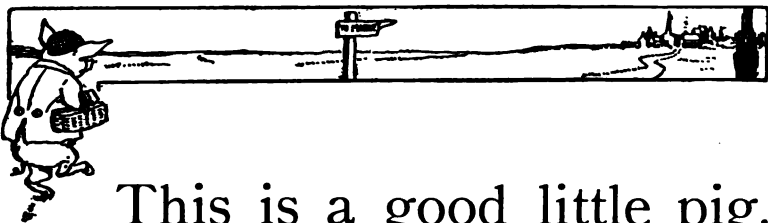


You are up high, little star.
You are up above the world.
You are a dear little star.
You look very small up so
high.
You look like a diamond.
You are my diamond in the
sky.
You twinkle all night.
Good night, little diamond.
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.



This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast meat.
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee,
I can't find my way home."

NURSERY RHYME.



This is a good little pig.
Once he said, "I am going
away to-day.

I am going away to market."

At night he came home.

He said, "Come, little pigs.

Have you been good all day?"

The little pigs said, "We have
been very, very good."

This pig said, "I have corn
for good little pigs."



This little pig stayed at home.

He sat at the window.

He saw the other pig go to
market.

He saw Robin Redbreast.

He saw Pussy Cat.



He saw the dear little girl.
He saw Charlie and Boy Blue.
He saw the sheep and the
cows in the meadow.
He saw little birds fly far up
in the sky.
He saw the rain come down.
He saw the other pig come
home from market.
Some day this little pig may
go to market.



This pig had roast meat.
He said, "This is good meat."
Pussy Cat said, "I want some."
This little pig said, "You may
have some."
He was a very good pig.
Where did he get the meat?
Did he get it at market?
Did he roast it?
How did he roast it?
I wonder how he did it.



Look at this little pig.
There was some roast meat.
The other pigs had some.
This little pig had none.
He said, "I want some."
There was none left.
He said, "I will go to market.
There is meat in the market.
I will let you have some,
Pussy-Cat.
Come to market with me."



This little pig went
away to play.

He stayed away all day.

The dear little girl went home.

Charlie went home.

The sheep went home.

Boy Blue went home.

Robin Redbreast flew home.

This little pig cried, “Wee,
wee, I can’t find my way
home.”



Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

NURSERY RHYME.



The cat had a fiddle.

The cow jumped.

She jumped over the moon.

The little dog saw her.

How he laughed !

He laughed at the cow.

He laughed at the cat and
her fiddle.

The dish ran away with the
spoon.

It was good sport.



The moon was up in the sky.
Little Boy Blue sat upon the
haystack.

He blew his horn.

We all went down to the
meadow.

We went up the haystack.

We sat down with little Boy
Blue.

We saw the cow, the cat, the
dog, the dish, and the spoon.



Boy Blue said, "There is sport
in this meadow to-night."

He blew his horn.

The cat played her fiddle.

The cow jumped.

She jumped very high.

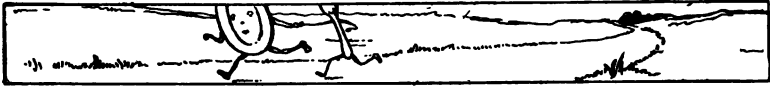
She jumped over the moon.

"Good cow," said Boy Blue.

The dog laughed.

He laughed at the cow.

He laughed at the cat.



The dish ran away with the
spoon.

It ran very fast.

Boy Blue laughed.

He blew his horn.

The little dog came to him.

“Go, little dog,” said Boy Blue,

“Find the dish and the spoon.”

How the little dog ran!

“Good little dog!” said Boy

Blue.

It was all very good sport.



The friendly cow
All red and white,
I love with all my heart ;
She gives me cream
With all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



I love the cow.

She is a friendly cow.

I say, "Come, good cow."

And she comes to me.

I love her with all my heart.

She is good to me.

She gives cream for my apple
tart.

Cream is good.

Apple tart is good.

Mother gives me apple tart.

The cow gives me cream.



How still you stand, red and
white cow.

Jump, good cow.

Jump with all your might.

Do not jump over the moon.

Once a cow did jump over
the moon.

Was it you, good cow?

Stay with me, friendly cow.

I will be good to you.

I will give you a red apple.

Come to the apple tree.



I am the Queen of Hearts.
I make tarts for little boys.
I make tarts for little girls.
Come to see me, little boys
and girls.

I will give you some tarts.
Do you all like tarts?
Will you come to see me?



Can you find the way?

Pussy Cat can find the way.

Once she went to London to
see a queen.

Pussy Cat can find the way
to my home.

Come with Pussy Cat.

I will make some tarts for her.

Come to see me, little boys
and girls.

I will make tarts for you all.

I am the Queen of Hearts.



Hush-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
And down will come baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

NURSERY RHYME.



, THE CRADLE ON THE TREE TOP

Hush-a-bye, little baby.

The wind blows.

It rocks your cradle.

It will rock you to sleep.

You are up high, little baby.

You are on the tree top.

Your father and mother put
your cradle there.

Your cradle is a nest.

You are a dear little robin.

Sleep and rest, little robin.



Come, mother bird !
Come, father bird !
Baby bird wants you.
He is in the cradle
 on the tree top.
The wind blows.
Baby is frightened.
The bough will break.
The cradle will fall.





Down will come baby, bough,
cradle, and all.

Do not be frightened, baby.

Your father is coming.

Your mother is coming.

If the bough breaks, I will
catch you.

I will put you into your
cradle again.

I love you, little bird.

Some day you will sing for
me.



We have a very dear baby.
She has a little cradle.
I rock her to sleep.
I love her.
Mother and father love her.
The friendly cow loves her.
She gives her milk.
Pussy Cat loves her.
Once Pussy jumped into the
cradle.
But baby was not frightened.
She loves Pussy Cat.



The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then?

Poor thing!

He will sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing.

NURSERY RHYME.



THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind is blowing.

We shall have snow.

Robin, poor thing! Where
are you?

Oh! I see you in the tree.

What will you do when the
snow comes down?

Will you go into the barn?

You can keep warm there.

The cow is in the barn.

She is a friendly cow.



Oh, Robin ! It is snowing.
Fly away, poor little bird.
Fly away from the cold north
wind.
Fly away from the cold white
snow.
Fly to the barn, dear Robin.
The friendly cow is there.
Go and rest in the barn, and
keep yourself warm.
Hide your head under your
wing, poor thing !



Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs,
In his night gown.
Rapping at the windows,
Crying at the lock,
“Are all the children in their
beds,
For now it’s eight o’clock?”

NURSERY RHYME.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Willie Winkie is a little boy.
You can not see him.
He runs very, very fast.
He runs at night.
Willie Winkie runs up stairs.
He runs down stairs.
He runs all through the town
in his night gown.
I want him to stop at my
window some night.
I want to see him.



It is eight o'clock.

Willie Winkie is running
through the town.

He is at the window.

He is rapping.

He is crying at the lock.

He says, "Are all the children
in their beds?"

The children are in their beds.

They are all asleep.

They are good little children.

Good night, Wee Willie Winkie.



Willie Winkie did not stop at
my window last night.

I looked for him.

It was eight o'clock.

I was in bed.

But I was not asleep.

I wanted to see Wee Willie
Winkie.

I jumped out of my bed.

I ran to the window.

I said, "Willie Winkie, Willie
Winkie."



“Where are you, Willie?
Come to my window.
I want to let you in.”
I saw the moon in the sky.
I saw the stars twinkling.
I looked all over the town.
I did not see Willie Winkie.
Where was he last night?
Didn't he rap at the windows?
Didn't he cry at the locks?
Didn't he run through the
town?



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can not tell where to find them.
Leave them alone and they will come
home,
And bring their tails behind them.

NURSERY RHYME.



BO-PEEP

This is little Bo-Peep.
What a dear little girl she is!
But she is crying.
She had some sheep.
They were very good sheep.
Little Bo-Peep has lost them.
She has lost her sheep.
She can not tell where to find
them.
The dear little girl is running
to Bo-Peep.



The dear little girl says:

“Stop crying, Bo-Peep.

Your sheep all love you.

They are good sheep.

They will come home to you.

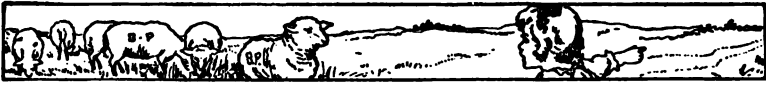
Leave them alone, Bo-Peep.

They can find their way home.

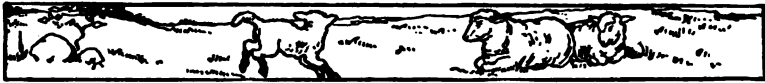
You will laugh when you see
your sheep.

They will bring their tails be-
hind them.

Stop crying, little Bo-Peep.”



Are you little Bo-Peep's sheep?
Bo-Peep has lost her sheep.
She is crying for them.
Can you find your way to her?
Run, sheep, run.
Run to little Bo-Peep.
She will stop crying when she
sees you.
She will feed you.
Run home, little sheep.
Run home to poor little Bo-
Peep.



MARY'S LAMB

Mary's father had some sheep.

There was a little baby sheep.

Mary's father said, "You may
have this little lamb, Mary."

Mary was very good to her
little lamb.

She loved the lamb, and the
lamb loved her.

She let him run and play.

She played with him.

He was a dear little lamb.



One day the lamb followed
Mary to school.

Mary went into the school.
The lamb went in behind her.
All the children laughed.
They said, "Look at the dear
little lamb.

He wants to come to school."
Then Mary said, "Oh, my little
lamb has followed me in.

Go home, little lamb.

Lambs do not go to school."



But the lamb did not go home.
When school was out, he ran
to Mary.

How glad he was to see her!
She said, "Little lamb, I could
not let you stay in school.

What could you do there?

I read in school.

You could not read, little lamb.

I write in school.

You could not write."

The little lamb said, "Baa-baa."



Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



The summer flowers are going.
The birds are flying away.
Summer was a bright season.
Now the leaves are falling.
The wind sings, "Come, little
leaves."

The leaves go with the wind.
The children play in the leaves.



Father says, "We will have a
fire to-night.

We will have a fire in the
garden."

He makes a fire of leaves.

The children stand at the win-
dow.

They like to look at the fire.

The fire is very bright.

In summer the children had
bright flowers.

Now they have bright fires.



Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep.
The little stars are the lambs, I guess.
The bright moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

FROM THE GERMAN.



THE SKY AT NIGHT

The sky was very bright last night.

Mother sat at the window.

Charlie came to her.

Mother said, "Look up at the blue sky."

Charlie said, "It is like a hill, mother."

What are the stars?"

Mother said, "The large stars are the sheep."



“Oh! and the little stars are the lambs,” said Charlie.

“What is the moon, mother?”

“The bright moon is the shepherdess,” said mother.

“Little Bo-Peep was a shepherdess,” said Charlie.

“I will call the moon, ‘Bo-Peep.’

Good night, little lambs.

Good night, Bo-Peep.

Do not lose your sheep.”



What does little birdie say
In his nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie.
“Mother, let me fly away.”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So he rests a little longer,
Then he flies away.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



It is peep of day.

Birdie is in his nest.

He wants to fly.

He says, "Mother, let me fly.

Let me fly away."

But his mother says, "Rest a
little longer, birdie.

Your wings are not very strong.

When your wings are stronger
you may fly away."

So birdie will rest a little longer.

Some day he will fly away.



BABY WAKES

The sun comes up over the
hill.

The dark night is gone.

It is peep of day.

Baby is in his little bed.

The friendly cow is awake.

She calls to baby.

Baby wakes.

Robin Redbreast and all the
dear birds are awake.

They call to baby.



They say, "Come, dear little
baby.

Fly away with us."

Baby says, "Mother, let me
fly away."

Mother says, "I want you with
me, little one.

Rest a little longer, baby.

Rest and stay with mother."

Baby will rest and stay with
mother.

Dear little baby!



I have just to shut my eyes,
To go sailing through the skies;
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play,
To the fairy land a-far
Where the Little People are.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE LAND OF PLAY

There is a fairy land far away.
I go there sometimes.
I just shut my eyes.
I go sailing through the skies.
I sail to the Land of Play.



It is a very pleasant land.
The hills are little hills.
The trees are little trees.
And I am a little, little boy.
It is the Little People's Land,
you see.
I sit in the tops of the little
trees.
I go to sleep in birds' nests.
But then mother calls me.
I open my eyes.
I am home again.



In that forest to and fro,
I can wander, I can go ;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE LITTLE FOREST

There is a little forest in my
Land of Play.

Sometimes I wander there.

I sit under the little forest
trees.

I see the ants go marching
by.

I march on, too.

They march down into the
little ant hills.

I wonder what is down there.



The spider has a web in the
little forest.

He sits in his web.

The fly comes and looks.

The spider says, "Come in."

The fly says, "I will not go
in.

Once I saw you catch a little
fly.

You did not let him go again.

I will just look at the web.

Catch me if you can."



Charlie was in the garden.
He had his blocks with him.
“I will make a town,” he said.
So he built eight little houses.
Mary came out to the garden.
“Oh, what a pretty town!” she
said.



“What do you call it, Charlie?”

“I call it Block Town.

It is a Little People’s town,”
said Charlie.

“My dolls are Little People,”
said Mary.

“Then your dolls may live in
my town,” said Charlie.

Mary ran into the house for
her dolls.

She had eight wee little dolls.
Charlie had eight little houses.



There were eight little dolls
and eight little houses.

The dolls were in the houses.
Charlie and Mary were under
the apple tree.

Pussy Cat was up in the tree.
Down she came.

She ran right through the little
town.

Down came the houses.

There was not a house left in
Block Town.



One little, two little, three little Indians,
Four little, five little, six little Indians,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians,
Ten little Indian boys.

Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians,
Seven little, six little, five little Indians,
Four little, three little, two little Indians,
One little Indian boy.

NURSERY RHYME.



Hiawatha



HIAWATHA

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy.

He lived in the forest.

He loved the birds.

He called them “Hiawatha’s chickens.”

They flew to him and sang.

Hiawatha talked to the squirrels and the rabbits.

He called them “Hiawatha’s brothers.”



One day Hiawatha wandered
far into the forest.

He had his bow and arrow.

The birds saw him coming.

But they were not frightened.

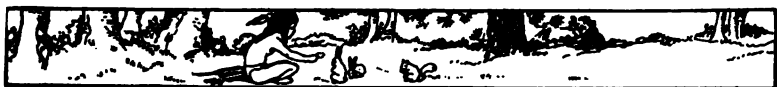
They flew to Hiawatha.

They sang, "Do not shoot us,
Hiawatha."

He did not shoot them.

They were his little "chickens."

Hiawatha loved his little
"chickens."




The squirrels saw Hiawatha.
They saw his bow and arrow.
They did not run away.

They said, "Do not shoot us,
Hiawatha."

The rabbits did not run away.
They looked and said, "Do
not shoot us, Hiawatha."

Hiawatha did not shoot them.
He loved the squirrels and
the rabbits.

They were his "brothers."



It is bedtime for the little
Indian boy.

It is dark in the forest.

A little firefly comes in and
out through the trees.

The little Indian boy says,
“Come, little firefly.

I am going to my bed.

Light me with your little
candle.”

The firefly will light the little
Indian boy to his bed.



The little Indian boy likes to
look at the sky.

He loves the bright sun.

He likes to see the rain come
down.

When the rain is over he sees
the rainbow in the sky.

He says, "What is it I see?"

They say, "You see all the
flowers of the forest."

The little Indian boy laughs.

He loves the bright rainbow.



“ Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you
going ?

Bearing so proudly the Red, White, and
Blue ? ”

“ I am going where my country and duty
are calling.

If you will be a soldier boy, you may go
too.”

KINDERGARTEN SONG.



Tramp! tramp! tramp!

The boys were marching.

The children were playing
soldier.

They went marching through
the town.

How proudly they marched!

Boy Blue was a soldier.

He had the flag.

Charlie said, "Soldier boy,
soldier boy, where are you
going?"



Boy Blue said, "I am going
where my country and duty
are calling.

If you will be a soldier boy,
you may go, too."

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

Boy Blue marched on.

Charlie marched on, too.

Then another boy and an-
other, until there were ten
little soldier boys.

How proudly they marched!



One little, two little, three little
soldiers,

Four little, five little, six little
soldiers,

Seven little, eight little, nine
little soldiers,

Ten little soldier boys were
marching.

Hurrah for the little soldier
boys!

Hurrah for the Red, White,
and Blue!



There are soldiers in Block
Town to-day.

Little tin soldiers are march-
ing through Block Town.

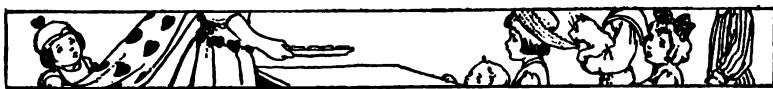
How proudly they march!

The Little People's Land is
their country.

Hurrah for the Little People's
Land!

Hurrah for Block Town!

Hurrah for the little tin
soldiers!



One day the dear little girl
said, "I am going to see
the Queen of Hearts."

So she went and went.

Charlie saw her going.

"Where are you going, dear
little girl?" said Charlie.

"I am going to see the Queen
of Hearts," she said.

Charlie said, "I will go, too."

So Charlie and the dear little
girl went and went.



The Dear Little Girl, Charlie, and Pussy Cat



Pussy Cat saw them going.

“Where are you going?” said
Pussy Cat.

“We are going to see the
Queen of Hearts,” said
Charlie and the dear little
girl.

“I will go, too, and find the
way for you,” said Pussy.

So Pussy Cat, Charlie, and
the dear little girl went
and went.



At last Pussy Cat, Charlie, and
the dear little girl came to
the Queen of Hearts' house.
They went up and up and up
the stairs.

They came to the door.

The door was open.

In went the dear little girl,
Charlie, and Pussy Cat.

They saw the Queen of Hearts.

The Queen of Hearts said,
“How do you do, Pussy?”



“Who are these children?”

“This is Charlie,” said Pussy.

“How do you do, Charlie?”
said the queen.

“And this is the dear little
girl,” said Pussy.

“Oh,” said the queen,

“And when she is good,
Is she very, very good?”

“Yes,” said Pussy Cat,

“But when she is bad,
She is horrid.”



The queen laughed.

The dear little girl and Charlie
laughed.

Pussy Cat laughed, too.

“She looks very, very good
to-day,” said the queen.

“She is very, very good,” said
Charlie.

“She is,” said Pussy Cat.

“Then I will make some tarts
for her,” said the queen.

So she made some tarts.



She gave some to the dear
little girl.

She gave some to Charlie.

She gave some to Pussy Cat.

“Oh, Queen, how good you
are to us!” said the dear
little girl.

“How good you are!” said
Charlie.

“How good!” said Pussy Cat.

“I am the Queen of Hearts,”
said the queen.



Santa Claus



He comes in the night! He comes in the night!

He softly, silently comes;

While the little brown heads on the pillows so
white

Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

* * * * *

The little red stockings he silently fills,

Till the stockings will hold no more;

The bright little sleds for the great snow hills

He quickly sets down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,

And glides to his seat in the sleigh.

Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard

As he noiselessly gallops away.

UNKNOWN.



Two little white beds.

Two little white pillows.

Two little brown heads sleep
on the little white pillows.

The little brown heads are
dreaming of bugles and
drums.

Some one comes.

He softly, silently comes.

The little brown heads still
sleep on the little white
pillows.



Two little red stockings.
He fills them.
He puts in the bugles.
He hangs up the drums.
He sets down the bright little
sleds.
The stockings will hold no
more.



He came in the night.
He goes in the night.
He softly, silently goes.
How quickly he came!
How quickly he goes!
He mounts to the roof like
a bird.
He glides to his seat in the
sleigh.
No sound of bugle!
No sound of drum!
Santa Claus gallops away.



And now at last the sun is going down
behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that
I've been good.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



The sun has been shining all
day.

And now, at last, it is going
down behind the wood.

The sky is all red and gold.

The gold shines through the
trees.

It shines on our windows.

Our house has “golden win-
dows” to-night.

I am very happy.

I know that I’ve been good.

VOCABULARY

2	tree	and	19
1	up	right	once
caught	went	we	saw
a	Pussy Cat	will	hop
mouse	down	dear	so
alive	he	birdies	cried
let	came	sleep	stop
him	ran	all	going
go	said	long	window
again	catch	night	say
	me	* your	how
4	if		do
rain	you	15	shook
away	can	there	his
come	* see	was	tail
some	* not	girl	far
other		she	flew
day	10	had	* is
little	in	curl	
Charlie	the	middle	23
wants	sky	of	where
to	birds	her	have
play	fly	forehead	been
	nest	when	I've
7	rest	good	London
Robin	with	very	look
Redbreast	wing	but	at
sat	on	bad	Queen
upon	left	horrid	what

* Indicates word not given in rhyme.

did
frightened
under
chair
* small
* may

26
Boy Blue
blow
horn
sheep
are
meadow
cows
corn
this
way
mind
haystack
fast

27
* Oh

28
twinkle
star
wonder
above
world
high
like
diamond

31
pig
market
stayed
home
roast
meat
none
wee, wee
find
my

32
* am
* for

35
* get
* it

38
Hey-diddle
fiddle
jumped
over
moon
dog
laughed
such
sport
dish
spoon
41
* blew

43
friendly
red
white
love
heart
gives
cream
might
eat
apple
tart

44
* mother

45
* still
* stand
* be

46
* make

48
Hush-a-bye
baby
top
wind
cradle
rock
bough
breaks
fall

49
* father
* put

51
* sing

52
* has
* milk

53
North
doth
shall
snow
them
poor
thing
sit
barn
keep
himself
warm
hide

55
* from

56
Willie Winkie
runs
through

town	64	72	80
stairs	* feed	* just	* open
gown		* hill	
rapping	65		81
crying	* Mary	73	that
locks	* lamb	* call	forest
children		lose	fro
their	66		wander
beds	* one	74	spider
now	* followed	does	ants
eight	* school	longer	marching
o'clock		till	
	67	stronger	83
	* glad	flies	* web
58	* could	76	
* says	* read	* sun	84
* they	* write	* awake	* blocks
	* baa-baa	* dark	* built
		* gone	* houses
59			* pretty
* last	68		
* out	song	77	
	seasons	* us	85
60	bright		* live
* didn't	flowers	78	* dolls
	summer	shut	
	fires	eyes	87
61		sailing	two
Bo-Peep		skies	three
lost	70	pleasant	four
tell	* garden	land	five
them		fairy	six
leave	71	people	seven
alone	large		nine
bring	guess	79	ten
behind	shepherdess	sometimes	Indians

89	proudly	105	floor
* Hiawatha	country	gave	Santa Claus
* chickens	duty		mounts
sang	95	107	roof
* talked	* tramp	softly	glides
* squirrels	* flag	silently	seat
* rabbits		while	sleigh
* brothers	96	brown	sound
90	* another	heads	heard
* bow	* until	pillows	noiselessly
* arrow	97	dreaming	gallop
*.shoot	Hurrah	bugles	
were	98	drums	109
92	* tin	stockings	* hangs
* candle		fills	
93	102	hold	111
sun	* door	no	wood
94	103	more	happy
soldier	* who	sleds	know
bearing	yes	great	* shining
		quickly	* gold
		set	* our

